

DELL®
15¢

APRIL-JUNE

LAWMAN

Dan Troop fights
to save the life of
an heiress
and finds himself
facing a
hired gunman.

JOHN RUSSELL

PETER BROWN



LAWMAN

TERROR RIDES THE RANGE



A dying man speaks two last words, and from them, Dan Troop must gather evidence that will expose a ruthless killer.



Dan faces all suspects, fearing nothing and hoping only to stop the terror which has swept violently into Laramie.

A BIT OF LUCK



A stubborn young deputy believes he leads a protected life, due to his faith in a "good luck coin"...



But Dan Troop teaches him a healthy respect for the power of a gun when, together, they encounter an outlaw gang.

LAWMAN TERROR RIDES THE RANGE

AS MARSHAL DAN TROOP AND A FRIEND, CLAY STONE, RIDE TOWARD LARAMIE, THEY PASS THE VAST BRIGHT WATER RANCH, NAMED FOR THE ALWAYS-FLOWING RIVER THAT CROSSES ITS RANGELAND.

THERE'S THE MOST VALUABLE RANCH IN THIS TERRITORY, DAN! ITS WATER SUPPLY NEVER GOES DRY! ALEX DECKER'S TRICK EVERY TRICK HE KNOWS TO GET IT AWAY FROM JIM SCOTT! BUT HE'S FAILED!

I GUESS MR. SCOTT'S THE ONLY RANCHER WHO DARES TO STAND UP AND FIGHT THE DECKER BUNCH!



LET'S PAY JIM A VISIT! MIGHT CHEER HIM UP! HE'S BEEN SICK A LONG TIME AND STILL CAN'T WALK WITHOUT CANES!

LOOKS LIKE SOMETHING'S GOING ON, CLAY! THAT'S DOCTOR GOODIE'S RID! COME ON! LET'S GO!



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CHANGES OF ADDRESS should reach us five weeks in advance of the next issue date, then each year old and new address enclosing it permits your old address label.

'AFTERNOON, BOYS! WE SAW DOCTOR GOODE'S RIG! IS SOMETHING WRONG?

JIM SCOTT'S DEAD, MARSHAL! HE FELL OFF A HIGH BANK INTO THE RIVER!

HE SLIPPED OUT OF THE HOUSE AND WALKED TO THE RIVER ALONE!



HIS CANE SKIPPED ON SOME LOOSE STONES, AND HE LOST HIS BALANCE! YOU CAN SEE THE MARKS!

MISS RUTH FOUND HER PA! ALL OF US WERE RIDING THE RANSE!



THE BOYS TOLD US WHAT HAPPENED, DOCTOR GOODE!

JIM WAS DEAD WHEN WE ARRIVED! IT'S A TERRIBLE SHOCK TO RUTH. I'VE GIVEN HER SOMETHING TO QUIET HER!



YAN, MEET MARSHAL TROOP AND CLAY STONE! THIS IS YAN SCOTT, JIM'S ONLY NEPHEW! HE'S ONLY BEEN HERE A FEW WEEKS!

HELLO, GENTLEMEN! I SEE YOU'VE HEARD THE BAD NEWS! UNCLE JIM WAS ALL I HAD...



HE GAVE ME A HOME WHEN MY FOLKS DIED! I DON'T KNOW MUCH ABOUT RANCHIN', BUT I'LL DO ALL I CAN TO HELP COUSIN RUTH RUN THIS BIG RANCH!



YOU AND RUTH WON'T HAVE TO WORRY WITH SALTY HOBBS AND HIS SON SLIM RUNNING THE PLACE! SALTY'S ALWAYS BEEN FOREMAN HERE, AND SLIM GREW UP HERE!



THEY AREN'T HERE NOW! SLIM AND I HAD SOME TROUBLE, AND HE LEFT A WEEK AGO! UNCLE JIM FIRED SALTY YESTERDAY!

JIM FIRED SALTY? I CAN'T BELIEVE IT!



EVERYBODY WAS SURPRISED! THEY HAD A BIG RUCKUS! AND UNCLE JIM TOLD SALTY TO GET OUT! SLIM HEADED FOR A RANCH IN NEVADA! GUESS SALTY FOLLOWED HIM!



YOU'D BETTER FIND HIM, YOUNG FELLA! YOU NEED HIM!

WE ALREADY HAVE A GOOD MAN TO TAKE HIS PLACE! HE ROPE IN THIS MORNING, LOOKIN' FOR WORK!



YOU'LL FIND OUT NOBODY CAN TAKE SALTY'S PLACE!

WE'LL SEE! THIS NEW FELLA WAS TOP HAND ON A BIG TEXAS SPREAD! HAD A LETTER FROM THE OWNER RECOMMENDING HIM!



LATER, AS DAN AND CLAY RIDE INTO LARANIE...

I'VE KNOWN JIM SCOTT FOR YEARS! I'D BET MY LAST DOLLAR HE DIDN'T FIRE SALTY HOBBS! THEY WERE CLOSER THAN BLOOD BROTHERS!



WHAT ABOUT JIM'S
REAL BROTHER...
VAN'S FATHER? DID
YOU KNOW HIM?

SAM SCOTT WAS A THIEF
AND A LIAR! HE AND
JIM STARTED AS
PARTNERS ON BRIGHT
WATER, JIM CAUGHT
HIM STEALIN' CATTLE
AND MONEY!

JIM PAID SAM FOR HIS HALF OF
THE SPREAD AND TOLD HIM TO
GET OUT! ALL THIS HAPPENED
BEFORE SAM GOT MARRIED!



ONE THING'S SURE, JIM DIDN'T
HOLD A GRUDGE AGAINST SAM'S
BOY! NOW, I'D BETTER GET
JOHNNY AND START LOOKING
FOR SALTY HORSES!



HEY! MARSHAL!
TROOP! WAIT!

THAT'S JOHN PEALE! HE
HAS A LITTLE SPREAD
NORTH OF TOWN!



WELL...YOU WON'T
HAVE TO LOOK FOR
SALTY HORSES, DAN!

POOR OLD SALTY! HE WAS
SHOT IN THE BACK! WHERE'D
YOU FIND HIM, MR. PEALE?

ON THE OLD RIDGE TRAIL! IT'S A
SHORT CUT FROM BRIGHT WATER
TO LARAMIE! HE WAS STILL ALIVE
WHEN I FOUND HIM!





THE NEXT DAY AT BRIGHT WATER RANCH...



MARSHAL TROOP GIVES RUTH THE KEY FOUND IN SALTY'S HAT...

I'VE NEVER SEEN IT BEFORE!

IT MIGHT FIT A LOCK SOMEWHERE IN THE RANCH HOUSE! MAYBE YOU COULD FIND IT!



I'LL TRY!

TRUST ME AND DON'T TELL ANYONE ABOUT IT...UNTIL WE KNOW WHY IT WAS SO IMPORTANT TO SALTY! IT MAY LEAD US TO THE KILLER!



THEY RIDE BACK TO THE RANCH YARD...

LOOK, THERE'S ALEX DECKER! HE ALWAYS MEANS TROUBLE, MARSHAL!

AFTERNOON, MR. DECKER! WHAT BRINGS YOU OUT HERE?

MARSHAL TROOP! DIDN'T EXPECT TO FIND YOU HERE! I CAME TO PAY MY RESPECTS TO MISS RUTH AND OFFER MY HELP IF SHE NEEDS IT!



I'M READY TO TAKE THE PLACE OFF YOUR HANDS, MISS! I FIGURED YOU'D WANT TO SELL NOW! THIS PLACE IS TOO MUCH FOR A GIRL TO RUN ALONE!



MISS RUTH ISN'T ALONE! SHE HAS HER COUSIN VAN AND A DOZEN RANCH HANDS TO HELP HER!





THE NEXT
DAY IN
LARABIE...

WE'RE SURE UP AGAINST A
STONE WALL, MR. TROOP!
NOBODY SAW 'SALTY HOBBS'
AFTER HE LEFT BRIGHT
WATER! AND WE CAN'T
FIND A TRACE OF HIS
KILLER!

WE WON'T
GIVE UP YET,
JOHNNY!

'MORNIN',
MARSHAL
TROOP!



WHO'S THAT FELLOW
WITH YOUNG SCOTT,
DAN?

HE'S THE NEW FOREMAN
AT BRIGHT WATER! HIS
NAME IS TIM BARD!

I THOUGHT I RECOGNIZED HIM!
SAW HIM IN TEXAS A FEW YEARS
AGO! HE'S NO RANCHER, DAN!
HE'S A KILLER! A *Hired Gun!*



BUT DAN SAID HE
HAD A LETTER FROM
THE OWNER OF THE
RANCH WHERE BARD
HAD BEEN A
TOP HAND!

ANYBODY CAN
WRITE A LETTER,
DAN! I *KNOW!*
HE'S A
PROFESSIONAL
GUNSLINGER!

HE'S DANGEROUS!
YOU'D BETTER LOCK
HIM UP BEFORE HE
KILLS SOMEbody!

ON WHAT CHARGES?
TIM BARD'S NOT
WANTED IN WYOMING,
AND HE HASN'T
BROKEN ANY LAWS!





BUT...HE MUST HAVE SOME REASON FOR COMING TO LARAMIE AND HIRING ON AS A RANCH HAND!

MAYBE HE'S RUNNIN' FROM THE TEXAS RANGERS AND WANTS A HIDE-OUT!



OR, MAYBE SOMEBODY ASKED HIM TO DO A JOB AT BRIGHT WATER! SALTY HORSES COULD HAVE BEEN HIS FIRST VICTIM!

BUT WHO HIRED HIM, MR. TROOP?



THAT'S EASY TO GUESS! ALEX DECKER! HE'D DO ANYTHING TO GET THAT RANCH!

IF YOU'RE RIGHT, RUTH AND VAN MUST BE NEXT ON BARD'S LIST!



IT MAKES SENSE, CLAY! VAN IS RUTH'S ONLY RELATIVE! IF THEY'RE BOTH GONE, THE COUNTY WILL TAKE OVER THE RANCH!

SURE! THEN DECKER FIGURES ON BUYING IT AS SOON AS IT'S FOR SALE!



PIN A BARGE ON ME, DAN, AND WE'LL GO BRING IN BARD AND DECKER!

NOT SO FAST, CLAY! WE'RE ONLY GUESSING NOW! WE'VE GOT TO FIND PROOF THEY'RE WORKING TOGETHER!



WE'D BETTER NOT WASTE ANY TIME! IF BARD'S AFTER RUTH AND VAN, HE'LL PROBABLY STRIKE SOON... BEFORE THE REAL RANCH HANDS DISCOVER HE'S A FAKE!



SO, EARLY THAT NIGHT, GLAY STONE STOPS ON A KNOLL NEAR THE DECKER RANCH HOUSE...



AT THAT SAME TIME, MARSHAL TROOP AND DEPUTY HAWKAY RIDE ACROSS THE BRIGHT WATER RANGELAND TO THE BANK OF THE RIVER. . .



FIRST, WE'D BETTER SEE IF WE CAN FIND WHERE RUTH, WAK, AND BARD ARE... THEN WE'LL FIND GOOD LOOKOUT SPOTS!



THAT MUST BE
THE BUNKHOUSE!

YES; AND THERE'S BARD!
HE'S LEAVING... SHH!

CAN'T PLAY CARDS TONIGHT, BOYS!
MISS RUTH WANTS ME TO CHECK
NUMBER THREE LINE CAMP! 'MERE
LOHN' TOO MANY CALVES! I'LL BE
BACK BEFORE SUNUP!



HE'S
HEADIN'
FOR THE
CORRAL!

WE'LL FOLLOW HIM!
SO EASY, JOHNNY!
DON'T MAKE ANY
NOISE!



HE'S NOT HEARDIN' FOR ANY LINE CAMP,
MR. TROOP! HE'S POINTIN' STRAIGHT
FOR THE MAIN ROAD TO TOWN!

C'MON! LET'S
GET OUR HORSES!
WE'LL FOLLOW
HIM.



STOP! I'VE GOT YOU
COVERED! DON'T
TOUCH YOUR
GUNS!



MARSHAL TROOP! WHAT ARE YOU
DOIN' HERE? I THOUGHT YOU AND
YOUR DEPUTY WERE PROWLERS...
HORSE THIEVES!



JOHNNY AND I WERE TAKING
A SHORT CUT TO THE HOUSE
WHEN WE SAW SOMEBODY
RIDE OUT OF THE CORRAL, VAN!

THAT WAS BARD
HEADING FOR A
LINE CAMP! WHAT
BRINGS YOU OUT
HERE TONIGHT,
MARSHAL?

WE JUST WANTED
TO MAKE SURE
YOU AND RUTH
WERE ALL RIGHT!

YOU JUST MISSED
RUTH! SHE'S
DRIVING INTO TOWN
TO SEE YOU, MARSHAL!
IF YOU'D COME BY
THE MAIN ROAD
YOU'D HAVE MET
HER!

I TRIED TO GO WITH HER,
BUT SHE SAID SHE HAD TO
SEE YOU ALONE! SHE
WOULDN'T SAY WHY!
WHERE ARE YOU
GOIN'...?

RUTH COULD
BE IN RANGER;
WE'LL EXPLAIN
LATER! YOU
STAY HERE!

IN THE MEANTIME, CLAY STONE WAITS
WATCHING THE DECKER RANCH YARD.

THERE GOES DECKER!
LET'S MOVE, BOY!
HE'S HEADING
FOR TOWN!

SUDDENLY, THERE IS A DOUBLE BURST OF GUNFIRE, AS
TWO RIDERS CLOSE IN ON CLAY FROM BOTH SIDES...

PULL UP... OR WE'LL
QUIT FIRIN' HIGH!!

STOP!

BAM!

DON'T REACH
FOR YOUR GUN,
MISTER!

HEY! IT'S CLAY STONE!!
WHAT ARE YOU DONS OUT HERE?

WELL...DECKER'S MEN! YOU
SURPRISE ME, GENTLEMEN; I
THOUGHT DECKER'S MEN SHOT
FIRST WITHOUT ANY WORDS!



YOU'VE GOT US
ALL WRONG!
WE'RE NOT
KILLERS!

WE SAW YOU RIDE OUT OF
THE ROCKS AN' FOLLOW
MR. DECKER; SO WE CUT
ACROSS COUNTRY TO
STOP YOU!

HE'LL WANT TO
KNOW WHY YOU'RE
FOLLOWING HIM
AND WHY YOU'RE
WEARING A BADGE.

HAND OVER YOUR GUN!
THEN WE'LL GO BACK TO
THE HOUSE AND WAIT
FOR MR. DECKER!



CLAY JERKS HIS REINS, PULLING HIS STARTLED HORSE INTO A REARING PLUNGE, AND WHIPS A DERRINGER FROM HIS BELT...

DROP
THAT
GUN!!



GET OFF YOUR HORSE, FELLOW,
AND KICK THOSE GUNS INTO THE
BAUGH! 'MOVE!'



GO ON HOME, BOYS!

HEY! WHAT'RE
YOU DOIN'?



IT'S LUCKY FOR YOU I PROMISED MARSHAL TROOP
I'D CONTROL MY TRIGGER FINGER! NOW, START
'WALKIN' HOME, BOYS!

WE WON'T
FORGET
THIS!



S'LONG, BOYS! WHEN I CATCH UP
WITH YOUR BOSS, I'LL TELL HIM
YOU'RE WAITIN' FOR HIM!



AT THAT SAME TIME, MARSHAL TROOP AND JOHNNY ARE RACING ALONG
THE MAIN ROAD FROM BRIGHT WATER RANCH TO LARANIE. . .

LOOK, JOHNNY! A WRECKED BUGGY!
IF THAT'S MISS RUTH'S RID, WE'RE
TOO LATE! THE KILLER GOT HERE
FIRST!

MAKES NOT! COULD'VE BEEN A
RUNAWAY, AND THE HORSE BROKE
LOOSE WHEN THE BUGGY TIPPED
OVER!









HERE'S OUR CHANCE TO TAKE THEM! THE SHACK HAS TWO DOORS! YOU TAKE THE BACK ONE!



MINUTES LATER...



HOLD IT! LIFT YOUR ARMS AND STAND UP... SLOW AND EASY!



DON'T TRY ANY TRICKS! WE'VE GOT YOU COVERED!



YOUR KILLIN' DAYS ARE OVER, BARD! YOURS, TOO, DECKER! I'M SURPRISED YOU'D SIGN TO HIRING AN OUTSIDE GUN!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT!



LET'S GO! I'M ARRESTING YOU BOTH FOR THE MURDER OF SALTY HOBBS AND THE ATTEMPTED MURDER OF RUTH SCOTT!

YOU'RE LOOZ, TROOP! I NEVER SAW THIS MAN BEFORE TONIGHT!



LISTEN TO ME, TROOP! THIS FELLA BARD SENT WORD, ASKIN' ME TO MEET HIM HERE TONIGHT! SAID IT WAS IMPORTANT....!

SAVE YOUR BREATH AND START WALKIN', DECKER!



SOON AFTER THE TWO PRISONERS ARE LOCKED IN JAIL...

HERE'S THE BOY, MR. TROOP! DID YOU GET THE HOMBERS AT THE CORRAL?

YES! IT WAS BARD, ALL RIGHT! WE GOT HIS PAL, TOO! ALEX DECKER!

DAN OPENS
THE BOX...

THESE ARE POOR OLD SALTY'S
PAPERS AND BELONGINGS! WHY
...HERE'S A LETTER ADDRESSED
TO ME! 'FOR MARSHAL DAN
TROOP, IF I SHOULD DIE
SUDDENLY!'



QUICKLY, DAN READS THE SHORT NOTE
...AND AN ENCLOSED LETTER...

WE'VE GOT TO
FIND VAN SCOTT
FAST!!

YOU WON'T HAVE TO GO FAR!
I SAW HIM WALKIN' TOWARD
POG GOODE'S HOUSE, WHEN
I WAS COMIN' HERE!



WHAT'S THE
RUSH, DAN?

CAN'T STOP TO
EXPLAIN NOW!
LET'S GO!



IS VAN SCOTT
HERE, DOCTOR?

YES! HE CAME IN A FEW
MINUTES AGO! HE'S WITH
RUTH IN THE NEXT ROOM!
WHY?



HARD BUNGLED THE JOB!
BUT I WON'T! AND I
WON'T USE BULLETS!

STOP!!



YOU STOP ME,
TROOP!







SHOWDOWN AT THREE-TREES



JAKE PETRIE
YOU'RE A
NO-COUNT,
LOW-DOWN
WABBIT!

SAYS YOU, LUKE SIMPSON!
IT'S YOU THAT OUGHT
TO BE RUN OUT OF TOWN!



WHY DON'T YOU
CLOSE UP THAT
FIRETRAP YOU
CALL A STORE
AN' RETIRE?

ME CLOSE UP? IT'S
YOU THAT OUGHTA GO
OUT OF BUSINESS.



THIS TOWN ISN'T BIG ENOUGH
FOR THE TWO OF US... ONE OF
US HAS GOT TO LEAVE!

IT WON'T
BE ME...



NOR ME! BUT
MAYBE WE OUGHT
TO SETTLE THIS
A MAN'S WAY!

IF YOU'RE CHALLENGIN'
ME, LUKE, YOU GOT A
SURPRISE COMIN'...
'CAUSE I ACCEPT!



YOU PROBABLY
WON'T SHOW UP
FOR A REAL
GUNFIGHT!

WA! I'LL BE STILL
WAITIN' FOR YOU WHEN
I'M A HUNDRED YEARS
OLD!







LATER, THE SHERIFF SPEAKS WITH THE TWO ENEMIES...



AT DAWN THE NEXT MORNING, THE MEN
FACE OFF THEIR STEPS AND TAKE AIM...



LOOK AT THAT,
PETE! THEY
MISSED EACH
OTHER A MILE!

I JUST HOPE THEY
DON'T FIND OUT I
FIXED THEIR GUNS
SO THE SIGHTS
WOULD BE OFF-
CENTER!



I DON'T
UNDERSTAND
HOW I
MISSED!

ME, EITHER!

WELL, I SEE
YOU BOTH CAME
OUT ALIVE. COME
ON TO TOWN,
I'LL SHOW YOU
WHAT YOU BOYS
AGRED TO!



SAY,
THAT'S A
GREAT
IDEA,
SHERIFF!

HOW COME WE
DIDN'T THINK OF
THAT OURSELVES,
JAKE?

YOU COULD HAVE IF YOU'D
SET YOUR SIGHTS ON THE
SENSIBLE WAY TO DO
THINGS... BUT IT TOOK
A SHUNKY WAY TO
SET 'EM FOR YOU!



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HELEN MEYER
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1961.

JOHN C. WEBER

(Seal) (My Commission Expires March 31, 1962)

DANGEROUS OCCUPATION



Illustrated for us by William B. Ewing, a scout on horseback.

The army, trappers, and wagon trains all had one thing in common, when they began invading the West: a need for scouts.

There were no roads during these early days, and the trappers who came in first used friendly Indians as scouts to show them the best game trails. Close on the heels of the trappers came the explorers, ready to map the new land for the flood of immigrants which was to follow. After the immigrants came the army to keep peace.

Some trappers and mountain men abandoned their hunting trade when they discovered they could gain steadier employment by serving as guides and scouts for the army.

The scout had to be efficient, shrewd, cunning, and daring. He had to be able to depend on his sense of smell, as well as his senses of sight and hearing. He had to be totally self-sufficient, capable of doing his own cooking, doctoring, sewing, toolmaking, and the repairing of his equipment, as well as carrying out the numerous duties of his job as scout.

An army scout's primary duty was to keep track of what the enemy was doing, but he also guided expeditions through unfamiliar territories, carried dispatches, and shared his knowledge of Indian ways and tactics.

While the army occasionally hired Indians as scouts, for the most part civilians were employed for the tasks at hand.

In the 1700's, the general of an army had to pay for the securing of military intelligence out of his own pocket. General George Washington hired Nathan Hale and Harvey Birch, among others, for the job. By 1800, scouts were being hired by the month, by the Quartermaster Department of the army.

Among the more notable scouts of that time were Buffalo Bill Cody, Kit Carson, Jim Bridger, Bill Williams, and Jim Beckworth.

The quartermasters were also authorized to hire civilians as laborers, blacksmiths, teamsters, interpreters, and clerks, and to fill other positions as well. Thus, most of the frontiersmen who came to the army post, aspiring to become scouts, became engaged in more peaceful occupations.

The Indians used scouts, too. A scouting Indian's duties were simple and concise. He was to discover the position and number of the enemy and report their position to his chief. Scouting Indians were held in high esteem by their tribes and were given a special place in the council circle and were adorned with special decorations.

Scouting was a dangerous business for both the civilian and Indian scout. When they met on the trail, they frequently passed each other in peace, sometimes stopping to talk with one another to barter for an exchange of information.

The scout for wagon trains had an even more responsible job. His duties were to scout the trails for food, water, and the encampments of unfriendly Indians. It was his job, too, to make peace with the chief of unfriendly tribes and arrange for the safe passage of the train. He scouted for unseen dangers on the trails west . . . the rivers that were running high, the streams that were dry, the landslides which could mean a deluge of days. All of these responsibilities rested heavily on him, and he was not a man to treat them lightly. The men who attained the rank of scout were exceptional men by any standard of measure.

LAWMAN A BIT OF LUCK

SOMEONE'S BEEN HURT! AND
IT LOOKS LIKE A LAWMAN.
DAN TROOP, TOO!



NEARING A SMALL STREAM, IN
WYOMING TERRITORY, DAN
TROOP SPOTS A LONE MAN
STRUGGLING ONTO THE BANK...



EASY, MISTER! I'LL
GIVE YOU A HAND!

OH! IT'S
MY ANKLE!



HERE...SIT DOWN!
I'LL TAKE A LOOK AT
THAT ANKLE OF
YOURS!

MY HORSE
THREW ME...
MUST HAVE
TWISTED MY
FOOT WHEN
I HIT THE
STREAM!



IT'S SWOLLEN,
ALL RIGHT! YOU
WON'T DO MUCH
WALKING ON IT
FOR A DAY OR SO!

MY NAME'S JIM
MOORE! I'M A
DEPUTY FROM
RED FALLS! I
SEE YOU'RE A
MARSHAL!



THAT'S RIGHT!
DAN TROOP!

GUESS YOUR COMING
ALONG IS MORE OF
MY GOOD LUCK!

GLAD I WAS AROUND, SON! YOUR LUCK COULD HAVE BEEN WORSE IF THE KILLER JIM AFTER HAD SPOTTED YOU IN TROUBLE!

THEN I GUESS I WAS EXTRA-
LUCKY THAT MY HORSE THREW
ME IN THE STREAM RATHER THAN
ON HARD GROUND! THAT
MIGHT HAVE BROKEN
MY LEG!



THE STREAM BROKE MY FALL!
AND, ALL BECAUSE OF THE
LUCKY DOLLAR I CARRY!

LUCKY
DOLLAR?



THAT'S RIGHT! I'VE CARRIED IT
MORE THAN A YEAR NOW... AND
EVERY TIGHT SPOT I GET IN,
SEEMS LIKE SOMETHING HAPPENS
AND I MANAGE
TO GET OUT OF IT!



WHERE
WERE YOU
RIDING IN
SUCH A
HURRY,
ANYWAY?

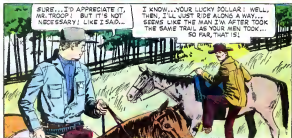
TRAILING JAKE MARTIN
AND ANOTHER FELLOW WHO
ROBBERD THE BANK IN RED
FALLS! THE SHERIFF WAS
OUT OF TOWN AND I HAD
TO RIDE AFTER THEM
ALONE!



WHAT'LL YOU
DO NOW?

MOUNT UP AND KEEP
AFTER THEM! I
HAVE TO!





THAT SHOULD MAKE IT EASY
FOR US TO FIN THEM DOWN!
MAYBE WE WON'T HAVE ANY
TROUBLE AT ALL!

WE MIGHT GET YOUR TWO MEN, BUT
RIGHT HERE THE MAN I'M AFTER
DECIDED TO TAKE ANOTHER DIRECTION.
JUDGING FROM HIS HORSE'S HOOFPRINTS
I'D SAY THE HORSE HAS GONE LAWE!



MAYBE YOU'D BETTER
GO AFTER HIM, MR. TROOP!
I'LL GO ON ALONE...I'LL
BE ALL RIGHT!

YOU'RE
MIGHTY SURE
OF YOUR LUCK,
SON, BUT I
THINK I'LL SEE
THAT YOUR MEN ARE
CAUGHT FIRST! MY
MAN WON'T GET FAR
ON FOOT!



I CAN BRING THEM IN
ALONE...ER...WHY ARE
YOU LOOKING AT ME
THAT WAY, MR. TROOP?
WHAT'S WRONG?

JUST
THINKING,
SON...



EITHER YOU ARE THE
BRAVEST DEPUTY I'VE
MET OUTSIDE OF JOHNNY
MCKAY...OR YOU ARE
THE MOST FOOLISH
I'VE EVER KNOWN!

IT ISN'T
EITHER
ONE...
LIKE I'VE
TRIED TO
TELL YOU...



ALL RIGHT, FORGET IT!
IF THAT LUCKY DOLLAR
DOES THAT MUCH FOR
YOU, I'D LIKE TO SEE IT
IN ACTION! COME ON!



LATER...

WE'D BETTER STOP RIGHT HERE
JIM. WE CAN MOVE IN JUST AS
SOON AS IT GETS DARKER...
NO USE LETTING THEM KNOW
THAT WE'RE HERE!

GOOD IDEA, MARSHAL!
BUT SINCE YOU'VE BROUGHT
ME THIS FAR... I'M SURE I
CAN DO IT ALONE!



I'M IN THIS ALL THE
WAY, DEPUTY; YOU'VE
GOT ME CURIOUS NOW
... I WANT TO SEE
THAT DOLLAR OF YOURS
WORK!

AS DARKNESS FALLS, THE TWO LAWMEN
MAKE THEIR WAY INTO THE DESOLATE TOWN
... THEIR HORSES' FEET SILENCED WITH
CLOTH WRAPPINGS



SEE ANYTHING?

NOT YET...



THERE... THAT OLD HOTEL
DOWN THE STREET...



LOOK! THERE'S
A LIGHT IN THAT
LOWER WINDOW!

THAT MUST BE THE
BOYS I'M AFTER
ALL RIGHT!



I'LL MOVE IN ON FOOT AND GET
CLOSE TO THAT WINDOW! YOU COVER
THE STREET IN CASE THEY MAKE A
BREAK! THAT ANGLE OF YOURS
ISN'T MUCH GOOD FOR WALKING
OR RUNNING!

ONE
THING...



TAKE MY LUCKY DOLLAR!
I HAVE A FEELING YOU'RE
GOING TO NEED IT!

BUT WHAT
ABOUT YOU?
I THOUGHT
YOU...



I'M ON MY HORSE...
YOU'RE NOT! YOU'LL
NEED THIS MORE THAN
I WILL THIS TIME!

WELL... ALL
RIGHT, IF IT
SETS YOU AT
EASE!



HE SURE PUTS A LOT OF FAITH IN THIS
DOLLAR... OH... LOOKS LIKE MY MAN
MADE IT HERE BY A SHORT CUT... THERE
ARE THREE HORSES IN THE OLD
LIVERY YARD!

UNSEEN BY MARSHAL TROOP, ONE
OF THE OUTLAW'S KEEPS WATCH...



JAKE FIGURED WE'D
BE FOLLOWED...
WELL, IF ONE
LAWMAN THINKS
HE'S TAKING US
IN, HE'S MIGHTY
WRONG!

CRACK

THE OUTLAW'S SHOT HITS
MARSHAL TROOP, BUT HE
DOES NOT SEEM TO BE HURT...

THIS'LL PUT ONE OF THEM
OUT OF COMMISSION FOR
A WHILE ...

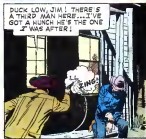
MR. TROOP!
THE HOTEL DOOR!



GOOD WORK! YOU STOPPED
BOTH OF 'EM, MR. TROOP!



DUCK LOW, JIM! THERE'S
A THIRD MAN HERE...I'VE
GOT A HUNCH HE'S THE ONE
I WAS AFTER!



THANKS, MR. TROOP! NOW
I'LL COVER THESE TWO WHILE
YOU BRING THAT THIRD ONE
OUT!!



SHORTLY...

SEE? MY
LUCKY DOLLAR
SAVED YOUR
LIFE!

IT SURE DID! THAT SHOT
HIT IT DEAD CENTER! BUT
I'D SAY WE HAD A BIT MORE
THAN LUCK WITH US, JIM...
WE WERE ABLE TO DODGE
TWO MORE BULLETS THAT
COULD HAVE FINISHED
US OFF!





Outlaws sometimes used the rugged Rocky Mountains as a hide-out, for the ruggedness made it hard for a lawman to find them. For the same reasons, many animals use the Rockies for a "hide-out." For example, a "posse" of wolves seldom catches a "wanted" mountain goat, for he can easily escape on a high ledge no wider than a man's hand. He can also drop twenty feet to land on a rock hardly big enough for its hoofs.



No outlaw makes a bolder or more daring getaway than the bighorn sheep. He runs at full speed and takes sixteen-foot leaps in places where most animals cannot even climb, much less attempt to follow.



The bighorns often duel among themselves. Two rams stand a hundred yards apart and run headlong into each other, until one is victorious. Their clashing horns sound like thunder and can be heard for miles.



The undisputed boss of the mountains is the fierce grizzly bear. All animals cower in the grizzly's shadow, for none can match his brute strength. The grizzly dares any beast to try, for he fears nothing.



The grizzly is very slow-moving, for he has no need to be fast. With one mighty blow from his huge paw, the grizzly can crush the skull of a bull moose, the largest member of the deer family.

